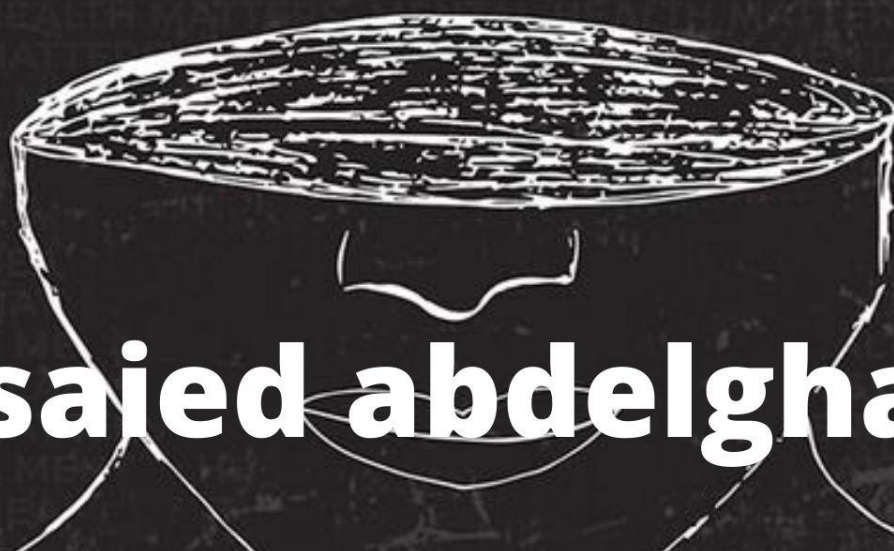


Meditators



Elsaied abdelghani

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Dusk

I was reading a strange paper that I found dumped in my friend Magdy's house. I don't know who wrote it. It had a poem entitled "Dusk"

In my heart the souls of the world sometimes recover
I am the diver in Noonan thoughts and Vanilla feelings
Despite the suspicion of prison, I am in loneliness.

Take the trains between cities

High with real drugs in the pocket of the blue horizon
The hungry rain of a strange thirsty mouth pours down.
Light a cigarette at the end of the cart

The air between her two doors reminds me of eternity
While my head sails through the silent country with the
man standing in front of me on the ground.

Big Perceptions Aggravate With Drinking Beer
"Saqqara"

As if it comes out of its joints like a cow eating and
drinking back to his home.

No hero in the sunset lectures my heart except a dying
mirage

The opium was flushed under the tongue with
numbness

And the random straw that I jump off so that my wings
don't rust.

Our country is strange to us, but it is warm

And the warmest thing in the hearts of scum.

Although I do not believe in anything and uprooted my
existence from the world

However, I want to confess to someone about my
orange visions

Yes, I want to confess in front of a flower or an empty
tomb.

I scavenge the music because it is a tacit admission of
the corruption of the poem sometimes

And above the walls in every kingdom.

I did not know which poets were and we asked each
other, but none of us knew.

Ahmed said: He talks about loneliness, death and
wandering in it

I replied: But what is the meaning of this Dusk?

Mazen said: Collect dusk

Ibrahim said: It suggests to me darkness like the torment of the grave

Magdy said after laughing a lot, "Do you think someone is going to hit me in the grave?"

Ibrahim answered: But it is in religion!

Magdy said: We have nothing to do with religion and what is in it

And we all laughed while Islam was standing up and told me, 'Let's go, let's go. We all smiled and went down. The city, from a small family, but he formed many relationships with the elders of the village, he was corrupt and he sold in sociology, hypocrisy, and as a result of that he knew a lot about brothels and their visitors. Even though it is a black comedy.

I went to him at his house on the outskirts of the village and he told me that he wanted me to go with him to have fun, so I agreed. Every two minutes he was giving peace or returning the greeting and he told me that this was a camouflage so that no one knew my

intellectual inclinations. We were banished in the village with infidels with some friends as well.

We were in early December with the wind blowing our faces; the breezes were cold and wispy

I said to him: Do you trust this man to whom we are going?

He violently said: Yes, of course, he knows many women who are socially, culturally and financially low, and he will bring me a good woman. I am very thirsty for sex. He does not only have women, but he has all kinds of prohibitions in the country: hashish, Viagra and Tramadol - it is the encyclopedia of forbidden haha.

I turned my face to the scenery of the picturesque farmland, and my eyes started to tear up. We entered one of the agricultural roads and said, adding: He is one of the greedy, but we will take our interest and leave.

We arrived at the house, and it is a house on the edge of the other village that has no easy ways to reach, so that if someone from the police who often used to go there also to meet their physical needs, his name was Fathi, and he was a person who seemed to be quick

and his job as a pimp appeared on him and his verbal ability was very welcome.

And he said: Oh hello, oh hello, Islam

And he looked at me and said: Hey, who are the beautiful?

I told him my name: Shams

And Islam replied: He is my friend, do not worry about him

He said: Who wants the woman?

Islam said: No, I am as usual

He laughed and said: You are never satisfied

Islam said: I want him some hashish

dark is about to come, and I went to this village before with some classmates in the school to steal berries from its neighborhood, and a lot happened when I went to steal berries in the meantime when I was a child, I found a woman washing her breasts and they were very dark in the Nile. It was the first time I saw bodies. Naked for my friends who were stripped, went to bathe, and then my mother was mad for not coming

home and they called for us in the mosque of my village.

The pimp is a man who does not know his origin or religion, he hunts women in a literal way, the women who need money from peasant women or obese, ugly women who are loathed by everyone so that whoever wants to work with them sometimes without money at all. Prison before.

As we were walking home, I thought what would excite this man to continue his life or raise Islam? They are completely empty things of value for me, but they are very important to them. From psychoanalysis books. We walked until we reached the threshold of the house. Dark was honored and it was the right time because the village has no electricity and no one knows who is doing what? Islam nodded to me to take my mind off my wallet well because it might be stolen and he gave me his wallet too and said to me, "Take your mind Well, it is our value here. The man took it to the woman, and there was a transparent light of the moon passing through the window on her, naked and her body a little full, but her face was not visible.

He said to him: Here it is and we will be held accountable after it ends

And he closed the door on them and took me to another room and spread a cloth

And he told me: How much hashish do you want? Fear not, nobody else is here

The cloth has large brushes of malleable grass and the scent is deliciously fragrant.

I told him: For two hundred pounds, he cut a penknife with what would fit the money and gave it to me

He told me: Sit here until your friend is finished

I sat looking at the place, completely filled with old things and with smoke from cigarettes, hashish and banjo smelling so much.

He told me: Take this cigarette as a gift, a token of love

She smiled and said to him: I accept your deposit

I took it with love and he told me: You haven't interested in women? If you want I have men also

We heard the woman's groaning, her voice rough and Islam confiscating her groaning and telling her: Why did you scream so much? Am I too strong for you?

The pimp said: She is also drunk, her husband does not sleep with her Hahaha, and he kept silent and said: Here are the lowest possible prices, you will not find them anywhere else

So I told him: Hashish is strong and good

He said: I do not know that I would live without him

I want to talk to him and try to analyze him psychologically and enter and penetrate deep inside, but I wanted to remain silent in order not to cause any problem to Islam, a world that is very strange to me, although I am coming, I was indifferent, but now I am excited, perhaps because of hashish, but how much he must smoke it so that I can interrogate him.

Islam came out and his clothes were not well arranged, so the pimp told him: What do you think? I think it's very good

Islam said: Yes, I was satisfied

He gave him money and we left quickly, his face had changed, and I felt that he was coming to life unlike what we were before we entered this house. We kneeled silently until he spoke and said: Strange thing

about sex affects my psyche severely, I feel that I am alive in it

Haze him: This is very normal

He said: A good woman knows sex and its thirst made her more beautiful, it is nice to feel that you are coveted; it is almost the pleasure of many people, devoid of even sex.

I did not want to talk to him about the morality of the matter, nor about his exploitation of the weakness and weakness of the substance of the woman in order not to spoil his euphoria without success, for he is good at religious justification and other justifications, as he justifies everything he does in major terms and until now after our friendship for years I do not know his identity or belief, but as a person who justifies To others, what they always do, and the isthmus between his actions and words I did not speak, but I attribute all of this to his escape from mental illness, as his sister was ill and committed suicide shortly after the panic attacks.

He is driving violently and quickly, so I said to him: Calm down a little, it does not need all this speed and the road is not good

He said: Do not be afraid, we will not die. I am good at driving

I said to him: Not for fear of death, but not after all I did in my life, I would die because of a motorcycle. How absurd is this?

He laughed and we laughed excessively together and drove so fast and the sound of the motorcycle was moaning and the insults coming from the cars on the road to us and the air scorching our faces.

The Hash Community

Our third friend Ahmed called me and said that he and Mazen are with Magdy at home and that we should go to them if we are free, I told him that I am with Islam and we will be with them within a quarter of an hour. I kept talking in my head and I was all the time in which there was no interaction talking in my head and running away from the house being Completely empty, I hate loneliness and depression, searching for everything that separates me from myself and takes away from it and the other was among the tools for that.

Ahmed is the son of the Imam of the Mosque and the elder of the village, who is two years older than me. He has many problems with his family and his father, especially because his thoughts are alien to him and do not revere what he reveres. He always confronts his father and discusses with him because of Mosque sermons.

We got to the bottom of the house and wandered out. Ahmed was going down the stairs quickly, so I said to him: What is there? Didn't you walk so fast?

He said: My father is waiting for me, I do not know why? He called me and he yelled a lot

So I said to him: Reassure me when it's over and we'll sit here

He nodded and was very sad and upset. He returned to his house, found his father waiting for him at their gate and grabbed his hand and they entered together and said to him: Are you an atheist? My son, I am an atheist, son of the sheikh of the mosque and the imam of the village

His mother was standing very fanatic until she approached him and slapped him in the face and said: There is only shams that tempted you into disbelief, these are not your thoughts, it is impossible to get out of my crucifixion like this person

His father said: People threaten me with you and say that I should not reveal or lead people again because I cannot control the belief of my son who has disbelieved

Ahmed said: Who told you that? They want a wedge between me and you, or that the sheikhs want to take your place and your position in the village and the mosque

His father said: Relatives of your mother and my relatives told me that

Ahmed said: Why don't you face me when I know them by their destiny? Every person should only care about his condition and not care about me!

His father said, "Leave you from this nonsense, and you will pray next Friday in the mosque, and all the prayers in the mosque. By your way, our livelihood will be cut off and those who spend on you will be cut off.

He went to his room and did not respond to him, sat on his bed and started thinking whether to do something against his convictions or not? Is he fake and his ideas are antics in discussions only? Is sticking to his ideas a fanatic and rigid thing? But he convinced himself not to be in the village on Friday or to protest Anything. He can no longer go to his friends. For him, a friend is someone to whom you tell your suicidal, taboo, sexual, creative, belief, suspicions and denials,

whoever is not veiled in front of him or afraid of his opinion, who enters with you in your psychological struggle and sacrifices part of his potential energy to ugliness, who does not advise you about anything and who helps you to be psychologically independent About all people and everything, and those who do not prevent you from committing suicide or from any strange act, and they are both.

He took a thought about who told his father, who told him? Certainly it is this boy who used to mess around with them in order to disagree, not because of their ideas, and this is what his little sister confirmed when she entered his room, so he asked her: Who said I am an atheist? She told him: Someone from the “Shawish “family told his mother about everything that is going on in your discussions and he said that you are infidels and his mother is not recommended. I told your mother and your mother I told your father and the news spread in the village and you know the theme of these matters in the village how they spread. He could not go out this time to meet us in order not to provoke His father’s grudge and so as not to provoke him more. Islam and I went up to Magdy and Mazen and we sat laughing, but I was worried about him and did not

want to contact him so as not to disturb him or cause him embarrassment in front of his father. I left him if he wanted to speak so let him speak.

Magdy was a graduate of the Faculty of Science, from a large family in the village and he loved chemistry and physics very much, he was a lonely son and his father was in the first floor of the house, restless and not moving after he was not staying anywhere. Magdy was dreaming of changing people's brains and he was telling us what he would do next To smoke hashish. He had crazy, miraculous, non-commercial prophecies about the fate of the world, although they are extraordinary illusions as I have always called them.

As for Mazen, he was lost and confused, the most disturbed was a teacher of the Arabic language and the eldest of all of us. He traveled for a long time and went to prison for being a communist once and for being an extremist, but now he is very calm except for insulting and insulting religion in particular, which he always repeats in his hadiths. All people have forbidden children.

Mazen: Do you have hashish, or did you go with it to no avail?

Magdy: Of course he is with him, as he is not without drugs in his pocket

I told them: Yes, I have

So Mazen said: Oh God, thank you

Magdy: pure hashish or with antiepileptics added as I analyzed it once

So Mazen said before I uttered: It does not matter, the important thing is that it smells of hashish. Do not analyze hashish for us, we want to eat it, where is it?

I took it out of my pocket, so Mazen got up and took it and said: My absolute exile in a loud voice

Magdy said: When the Arabic language is combined with a hallucinatory mind, it has other connotations, Haha

He put him on the table and started cutting it in order to prepare him as cigarettes for us to smoke, he was very fast in rolling and skillful, as soon as he rolled a cigarette and fondled it and said: Go, cow eye, Chemistry and Physics Ha

Magdy started smoking, so Mazen said to him while wrapping another cigarette: What do you want to do in the world and with a person?

Magdy: I found a way to eradicate all the imaginations from the heads as much as possible, not completely, so that people can think. I found a biological method, since I am the master of reality. This is the amusement of my imagination. I will start using poison or elixir on simple people whose imaginations do not produce tangible products, but from here my struggle with poets and maintenance in composition.

So I said to him: Is using people with their knowledge to research ethical, and is using them in research without their knowledge unethical?

Majdy: But I serve all humanity with my research - he said this arrogantly - and he believed in it.

Mazen said: What do you think about changing the chemistry of people so that they are always overwhelmed with cannabis involuntarily

Magdy said firmly: I debated the matter with myself a lot, but in the end I ended it with the conviction within me of the usefulness of doing this to rid people of pain where all the pain resides in the same possibility. Biologically, instead of being machines disrupted by fear and power.

Mazen: Never try it on me, I have a civilization in my mind that will destroy the largest civilizations in the world

Magdy: Maybe, Mazen Haha, let's try it on Islam Haha, where is it?

Mazen: He went to sleep a little

Magdy: Oh, he sleeps over there and comes here to sleep. I will get up for a walk. Will someone come with me?

Mazen: I will come with you

And I said to him: I will also come

He said: Let us first hear your view of the world after smoking Hashish, O shams, be silent a lot, give us metaphors.

So I said: The hashish community is a strange society that only includes us, and whoever wants to enter we do hashish tests for him .. Every person in it in ecstasy becomes a narcissistic god who welcomes anything he tells and laughs at as it happens now and is welcoming to any being that he poses from a god to an animal. We participate in order to buy hashish and sit in an

abandoned place in the dark except from a simple light. Every time someone prepares cigarettes. Rituals of ecstasy talking about the concepts of repressed and including or on top of it sex. You will be the revered imam of the session because you know the Arabic language well

Mazen laughed very much and all laughed

He told me: When was the first session?

So I said to him: Very soon

I continued talking in my head, as for Islam, the character who never talks when she gets high, and I was very surprised. This day he had to interrogate him until we forget the matter and start another story and we forget and start another story and forget. The name came to my mind while I smoked hashish once, why not have a community ? We sit in it together and I see a malicious intention, what happens to people from its impact? How do drinkers comply with it and what makes them feel and speak.

I listened to many methods, all of which were ways in which the self was wasted by its intense, strong, pent-up emotions. While I was obsessed with constant insanity that I was feeling. I used to play the role of

madmen and be happy with them all. Very possibly repressed, this is more real than all apparent conscious practices. Despite my residing in the imagination, my subconscious was void in comparison to what hashish does to me, and every time my behavioral outputs were new, especially the expressive writing. I lived with his Greek and Roman gods and emotionally understood and embraced everything in it. Spinning with them. hashish was another vain like all the other absurdities I used to contend with my existence and its reckless bug.

I am a person devoid of sanctification due to the abundance and intensity of affiliation. I cannot believe nor can I be one constant in my whole life, I know that this is dangerous for my continued existence in the world but nevertheless I do not do anything about it. My self was dispersed in thought and my sentiments were separated from the multitude of inspirations, inspirations and perceptions Imaginative. Violent with everything that mixes with me, to reassure me and desperate to dysfunction and rejection, and I do not know anything about assigning anything in the world, even the sensual, I have begun to disbelieve it. If people treat me as one, they will find severe

contradictions. But if people treat me as a number, they will not find an anomaly, but an analogy of The gender of being is where there is nothing in it because nothing can overtake the monism except it. I do not know how to obey any authority of its invisible types as well. I escaped from objectification with mental mysticism and fled from the utter irrationality of the no. I easily disbelieve because of anxiety over my unintended worship of my ego and societal ego or paradox. I have no normative or conceptual assays that I take except the abstraction that goes deep into the origins of things. I have suicidal tendencies that I never hide despite promises of reflection Mythology by deity in ecstasy.

Our custom was to walk between our village and the neighboring villages on the right and left, or walk in the agricultural lands, talking while walking through all our concepts, facts and illusions.

When we got down from the stairs, we found a "fly", a central figure in the village, sitting on the terrace in front of the house, without morals, without religion, hypocritical to a large extent, and my access, etc. and everyone knows that and he was like a radio transmitting speech between all people and all people.

To wish to those who have authority, so that it is said that because of his great talk, they sat him on a bottle in the end and he no longer talks about them.

He said, and this sentence was famous to him: Habibi and Walad Habibi, how are you?

She wanted to know any news about us, in order to pass it on, and so he would continue walking in the village to find out about the people's news. All the people were "his dear ones," and no one loved him at all, despite the enormity of his body, he was very afraid of someone who insulted him or called him by name even though he was thirty.

He said: How is your father?

Magdy said to him: Good, so he grabbed his hand and took it away and said to him: I wanted you on a subject, I want some money from you, and he did not complete his sentence until my glory said to him: From where? Magdy did not show interest and walked away, and after a short period of silence, we found Ahmed in the range, walking his usual walk, but very sad as if he was carrying a rock and he did not know what to do with it. We did not know that he came to know

whether we are infidels or not? The rumor reached him and he wanted to spread it. Really help spread it.

Ahmed used to decide to hide what his father told him, but he should not be seen with them again in a heavy way so as not to cause problems, even though he was very stubborn, but he tries not to be strict in dealing with his father.

Mazen asked him in his exalted classical Arabic: “What is wrong with you, boy?” Your ears fall like a fugitive demon?

And Ahmed did not respond, and he looked at him, so Mazen’s voice fell silent, and he said to him gently again: What is wrong with you? what happened?

Ahmed replied, his voice choked: Nothing. I only quarreled with my father

I said to him: Calm down and tell us

He replied: Nothing to tell you, weed?

I told him: I still have a piece of it. We smoked it a while ago and I saved a portion for you. Do you take it or smoke it in the dark on the agricultural road?

He said: We smoke it, I do not want to be alone

Magdy put on his arm shoulder and hugged him, and he nodded to Mazen to stop joking and we walked Mazen trying to play comedic roles for us and mocking the village elders, a man who was very afraid of them, and the houses had bathrooms except the mosque, so he called to his neighbor at the top of his voice in the middle of the night: Oh Abdul Hamid Abdel Hamid, come to urinate in the mosque.

From the influence of the hashish, Mazen began telling myths in his mind from the fictional house that burns on the horizon to the bars that go into his body. He was very frightened until we reached the mulberry tree where many of our conversations took place, and that mulberry tree was said in the village that it is inhabited by a frightening fairy that kills people And kidnapped them to depths of up to 6 meters and very branched until the genie killed the grandfather of Magdy, and the story is that he grabbed the fairy by its neck and clutched it with an old dagger that he inherited from his ancestors, and in front of the tree there was a branch from the Nile, and in that particular area everyone who descended was drowning and this actually happened more than once Mythological thinking began to work a lot in people's brains.

Mazen said: I do not reassure except here. I feel more at home

Then Magdy said a few seconds later, in a faint voice while wrapping a hashish cigarette, "The night, my friend of inebriation, comfort for thoughts and feelings, the night is for God, and hot tea and hashish that keep you lying on the surface of the world, and the" Saqqara "treasure that accompanies hairs like honey on an empty stomach, the night for exposure and disclosure, For the hell that you do not touch, why do you want to see, the night is for the underlining and the financier struck, and the oil of darkness falls on your chest, in which your sweetheart is concealed. Last, the night for me is not for anyone else

Mazen said: The night is for disbelief in the world in the heart, for the defeated faith in the Lord, in the spirit of power with full will to love and see again, for asceticism in jumping off the walls of prisons, and destroying the lustful instinct to madness.

I don't know if I am alive or feeling. "

Ahmed said: I do not want to go back to this house again. This sheikh torments me psychologically

Mazen said: Try to meet with him in thoughts and feelings

Ahmed: You cannot learn my nature, for I am neither lying nor hypocritical

Mazen: You are forced to do that

Magdy: It is very difficult for you to live this way in this world, you will lose everything with this harmful frankness. Your father is ready to lie to him and he wants you to do so

So I said to him: You must lie, or not a lie, maneuvering, concealing the truth, maintaining the forbidden ceiling in society and not exceeding it

Ahmed: I am free, I am free in my life

Mazen said while interrupting me: You live in a society and you have relationships with people, and these relationships are determined by your standards and their standards are not your only standards, I am not telling you to peel off yourself, no, but to take care of them only.

Ahmed said: Okay, I will try and see if I will succeed or not. He kept silent and said to Magdy: Have you finished rolling the cigarette?

Magdy said: Yes, take it and give it to him and he kept smoking while we were sitting on the shore of the Nile looking at the water that slowly passes in front of us, each one of us in his absolute kingdom, straying in his depths.

Until someone spoke ceaselessly, "These days I feel a profound loneliness. A loneliness like a cage at night lost among the prisons of the earth and wandering at dawn lost among the heavens. The pleasure of self-destruction is like the pleasure of operatic music or like my disgusting pleasure descending into the world from the motherly womb first and from the linguistic womb again." I injured myself a lot and I do not hide there are some charming moments every time for no reason appear while I am behind the veils of my veil living in my imagination. Nothing escapes my hunger for a confused, no book, no one, there is no God. I find it very difficult in life and the daily practice and I am drowning a lot in even distraction I do not feel my whole body and I am floating between interconnected colors. My intuition is completely yellowed, I do not expect anything but this tragic vortex over and over again. I do not know sometimes I am completely non-existent, I do not speak any language and do not think

anything. A hand does not polish me from nothing, because all hands are afraid of approaching, or honestly, I do not approach anyone from the distance that brings me closer to his direct identity and to his direct identity.

And he got up from his sitting with difficulty and walked away, and no one spoke about us at all.

I did not sleep tonight despite staying on the bed for five hours, tossing and turning, and there is no cure for this anxiety for Ahmed, Mazen and Majdy as well. I did not know what to do with it? And what happened with his father? I turned everything in my head and stopped that I must know what is going on with his father, but how do I know

Infidels

I went out alone at the age of six to go for a walk and visit those who left me; I had overwhelming nostalgia for my mother and father, so I went to visit them. And this affection for them increases when I suffocate myself so I go to talk to them. Cemeteries in the middle of the farmland are pregnant with many aesthetics of people and I am also pregnant with ugly people, only dogs bark and peasants who run a machine Their water was on the lands. I was surprised by their unusual look at me and their failure to return peace or good morning. After the death of my father and mother in a car accident and my survivors, there were no relatives who asked except every while from afar, and I have set limits since they died in interfering in my affairs

I entered without saying anything until I reached the cemetery and started talking: Peace be upon you mom, peace be upon you father. I am fine, everything is fine but I found myself suffocating and came to you, to my lost shelter in a foul land. I stopped talking when I heard a coughing sound. From far away, until he approached and entered between the two burials, Magdy's father was

He told me: Hello dear

I told him: Welcome, uncle

He said, "What are you doing here, my son, at this time?"

I said: I found myself suffocating, so I came to visit my father and my mother, and I tell them my tragedy after their death

He said: Do not you, my son, I came to Majdi's mother, recite to her Al-Fatiha and I have finished

I said: May God have mercy on them all

He said: Come, my son, to leave and support me

I stood beside him and held his hand and we walked silently for a while until we got out of the cemetery and began to talk non-stop: Why, my son, no one asks about me from my friends or my family? Have I become so neglected and worthless? Just as little as I did all of my life, I did nothing but good for people and nobody remembers that.

I said to him: No, uncle, you are important in the lives of many people, and especially in the life of Magdy. He loves you very much and appreciates you very much,

and his psychological existence depends on your presence.

He said: I know, Magdy is very good, and his character is like his mother's temper

So I told him: Yes, it is, one of the best I have known

He said: It is true, my son, take note. There are rumors about you five that you are infidels. I heard this from someone and he said it in order to embarrass me with my glory or to blame me with that, but I did not answer him with anything. I will tell him only to wake up from sleep on that and warn the rest of Islam, Mazen and Ahmed

I said: Oh my God, who said that about us? Is this true?

He said: I do not know, my son

I said: That is why people look at me with disapproval, and I did not know what is happening. You know that my connection with people is mostly cut off except for them.

He said: Take your mind, my son. People are more contemptible than you can imagine. Everyone who thinks is calling him so, everyone who violates their norms and beliefs.

I said: If our disbelief, they will become our blood after that

He said: This is what I mean, it is preferable for you to stay away from each other for a while and not see with each other, deepen your realistic relationships and pay little attention to religious appearances

We were silent a little and he said to me: Leave me here, tell Mazen, Islam and Ahmed, and do not let them be afraid, if your families support you, nothing will happen and no one will approach you.

We had arrived near his home, so I left his thin hand and said to him: Goodbye, uncle

He said: I will tell my glory too, may God protect you, my son

I walked distracted, not knowing what to do, nor to whom to go? And I faced the fact that I have no ties with people completely, no one from my father's family and my mother's family will support me, and I think that the families of my friends will not support them except for my glory and his kind and gentle father. Although he lives in his kingdom by changing people's imaginations and making them machines, he will not pay attention to that and he will ignore the

matter as usual, but I know people and I know Their way of thinking, and I experienced that after the death of my father and mother, how did they want to snip me and take everything they left behind when I heard with my ears, "He didn't die like that with them?"

Many hadiths in my head. Is this what worries Ahmed? Is this the reason for his quarrel with his father? I think so and I think he did not want to tell us but whoever did our conversations. I will call him to find out, I caught the phone and started calling

Ahmed replied in a muffled voice: Good morning

I replied: Good morning, where are you? I want to see you

He said: Meet me after ten minutes at the tree

I was interested in talking but he closed the line, I changed my direction instead of the house to the tree, but I went out from the agricultural road so that no one would see me and start looking and talking secretly about me. I did not want to feel this. I got to the tree quickly and after a few minutes Ahmed arrived and said to me: Sorry to close the line They are watching me at home

I said, "Didn't they watch you?"

He said: Nothing

So I said: I knew about something that we are infidels, so there is no need for you to hide anything

He said: How did you know?

I said: Do you think that something like this will hide in the hearts of the people? You know the farmers and their words about everything, and this is a vital topic that they will want to publish and talk about

He said: I do not know what to do? Isn't it enough for me the pain of thought and the meaning of everything? I eat myself and they want to eat as well

So I said: Calm down

He said: My father wants to remove me from you, your meeting has been banned again. You know that he does not want to believe that his son thinks in another way alone, he must be someone who seduced him by this while you are concerned with the temptation in order not to put the possibility that from his crucifixion came out an unbeliever

So I said: Do not worry, we will solve the matter, if this is the case, then it is not necessary for us to meet for a while and I will inform Mazen and Islam. Now go back

to the house so that your father does not suspect anything, and I will tell them, but do you know who told us?

He said: Yes, it is Abraham, the boy who came to sit with us in order to be different

So I said: Oh, I see now

I called Mazen while Ahmed walked home and when I told him that he was Ibrahim, this boy who wanted to be different

He said: I will take our injection from him, do not worry, he was present the day we were talking about the torment of the grave and he certainly said to his gossip mother

Ahmed returned to the house and found his father waiting for him and another sheikh, whom it seemed to him that he had come for him, was preparing perfumes, firewood and strange things, but he did not pay them attention, so he entered his room until his father called him and told him that he lives in it and that this sheikh and he is going to get him out now, Ahmed is severely fanatic about this Speech, but settled on a funny, sinister idea and their neighbors and said to them: Come on, let go of a genie.

He was a jinni. They took him out of me and he started writhing with his body on the ground, so the fake sheikh, who was a friend of his father and he was a failure in the call, went to get the jinn out of people in order to earn his livelihood until he became very rich by saying Qur'anic verses, so Ahmed slowly calmed them down to delude them of the effectiveness of what was happening and they threw it on the destiny that was. They put roses and salt oil in it, so Taraqa and Ahmed writhed again, so Ahmed got up and hit the sheikh on the face while he was chanting standing up, and he played louder, so Ahmed hit him on the face, and the sheikh said: What is this violent jinni!

Ahmed did not find meaning in all this and he did not know what he was doing or what he should do? He just messes and matches their myths. He was facing the child inside him, the tortured child and the nostalgia to the transparent life in childhood, the form of God and his first image in him. Inside him, his estrangement from everything in him and everything that he realizes after collecting all these ideas in books.

Magdy woke up from his sleep bored until his father arrived and saw him and said to him: I want you in something glorious

Magdy said: Is there anything, Dad?

His father: Yes, son, wash your face, and come, I am in my room, waiting for you

Magdy washed his face thinking what had happened, and what his father wanted? He went to his room and sat in front of him, and his father said to him: There is talk in the village that you and your friends are infidels. Magdy laughed very much and could not resist with laughter and said to his father: Indeed, infidels haha

His father said: Yes, my son, and the matter is serious and serious, if the matter is funny to you, it does not matter, but your friends are hurt

He said: How are they affected, I know them well, the last concern of people's words

His father said: But they have families, and do not forget that Ahmed's father is the sheikh of the village and you are also not liked because you are not interested in anything other than these chemicals and most of you are as well.

Magdy said: How did you know and who gave this to us?

His father said: It is this boy Ibrahim who has been sitting with you for a long time. Take care, my son, and stop insulting a little and mocking their sanctities.

Magdy said: My father is present.

He got up to his room thinking, his eyes were going everywhere, he was anxious unusually but not much. His eyes were moving everywhere and he wanted to smoke hashish.

And the conversation is going on in his head. He is worried about these ignorant, ignorant people. If they gather, they will tire them out very much, and it is possible to actually kill them. Their ignorance protects them from any understanding, any remorse, from any possible humanity and tolerance. What they told Ahmed should do now, perhaps the solution is Islam, so he is The only one among them who can deal with them. Ahmed is stubborn, Mazen is indifferent, and the shams of his relatives hate him and are waiting for anything to get rid of.

As for me, I had a nostalgia these days for the flowers that I was caring for and the dove that I used to prepare his nest for whenever it fell, and for the primitive man in the early childhood that I was on, and

this nostalgia exhausts me very much and makes me very troubled and vulnerable despite my mentally refusing to bring in the child who always lives in me and savors his beautiful life And compare that to my current life. I remember my mother telling me, “I was young for hours and you did not have these devilish thoughts in your head. The world was not cruel, and thought shattered identity and aesthetic, I did not know!

Suicide

The situation escalated in the village and more people began to talk, and they hired some of the elders of the village to verify the matter. Whoever rebel against religion would naturally rebel against the enormous social injustice and narcissism of the elders of families and their misfortunes. They were afraid of that even though we did not confront them with anything.

Ahmed returned to the house waiting for his father's hand to hit him severely, which he did not do with him in front of the sheikh, and the beating he was inflicted upon him. As soon as he entered, his father hit him while he said: I will laugh at me, oh infidel, and God will do that you and your friends. Either you come back or people kill you, killing you is permissible

Ahmed was unable to remain silent this time, he could not be silent and said to him: I will not retreat from my thoughts no matter what I do, as long as I am alive, you

are a lie, do you think that your God will be at ease with my death? He does not care about you or me

His father struck him more when he said: Shut up, you disbeliever, you are the son of a bastard, a loathsome, a madman and a lecherous

Ahmed said: I am not a lunatic, and I am not an immoral. You demonize everyone who disagrees with you, so that you can rest from his understanding.

His father completely mutilated his face from beating him and told him: I will do the Friday sermon against you and you will all be present, oh infidels in Qaada after that, if you admit your infidelity, you will be killed

It was Friday and he was preparing to wash his hand. He will go to the mosque now, pure and innocent, to announce them to the whole village and save himself from removing being the sheikh of the village. No one will accept that the son of the village sheikh is an unbeliever and will remain on the throne of the sheikhdome.

He was very disturbed and nervous, he entered the mosque and everyone looked at him and was waiting for what he would say about his son and his friends until he started: He found some curses from the

infidels, including my son, and we must take a position that pleases God and His Messenger, and this position is determined after listening to them.

His voice was loud in the microphone, a loud voice, all of them were hearing what the Sheikh was saying carefully, that the matter had become big and he was famous, and they must take practical positions for that.

Ahmed fled after the beating to his only shelter, the tree, intending to end his life, the place was completely empty, he searched for a rope everywhere next to the tree and finally found it, hung it and left his notes on the ground next to the tree and did not even look at anything to say goodbye and did not notice that this is the last moment in his life On the ground, he climbed up the tree, wrapped a rope around his neck and dangled until it was over.

I was walking to the tree and my heart was beating a strange beat, as if there was a beast tearing it apart or eating it. I listened to the foolish sheikh raising his voice and saying, "Either they come back or we will kill them" until I reached the sight that allowed me to see the tree and I found one of them hanging there so I ran quickly and my feet She is shackled as I used to feel in

childhood when I ran when I heard of the death of my father and mother, I suspected that he was Ahmed, I was suspicious and it was really him, he was hanging from the strong green tree branch that carried us warmth, his eyes ascending to the sky and his head red as if death was still alive in him and in the place And a black cat was standing, pointing her head at him, howling very loudly. I did not know what to do? I stood looking at his face and found the diary, so I took it and got into my first carriage and went. I was very afraid that we would perish. My heart did not move, it did not fall off and blush like this time, I was not able to breathe and my soul was less I felt that I rejected the whole world because it is what led him here and I was not Do I know where to go and why not?

Am I malicious now that I left them in this holocaust that will happen? Death awaits all of them, but I am astonished by what happened, I do not believe this until now, and I do not believe that I will not see Ahmed again or that he committed suicide and left all of it behind. I feel great awe and fear, that I have been robbed and that there is no flash in the whole world to continue life, with extreme poverty of meanings He got angry and irritated. Did these ignorant fools win? This

was the first time I thought about suicide, opening the car door and throwing myself in the river. We paddled together and we must commit suicide together, but I saw my mother's ghost behind the window continuing to whisper in the void, "Go where no one finds you." For a moment, I did not realize who I was or what to do. ? It is a dream whose end is unknown, ignorant of his journey in my head. Nothing has helped him, neither our warmth, nor his writing, nor anything. His writings are all with me, I will read them all, I will always read them, I do not remember you, and I know this hell in which he was living. This explosive world in his head will now sleep and relax in nothingness.

My hands tremble hard on the paper until the driver stood up, Mazen called me, and I opened and began to talk, my tongue was not moving, I tried but to no avail. A long time ago, without emotional relationships, without restoring my feelings of my fragmented being, all my emotions boiled down to the tumbling of controversial fantasies. My heart, which was of a sky-blue crystal, which was warming around me, now became silent ashes. I migrated far away in loneliness until I lost my identity as a being In it I have a common denominator with the world, even if it is simple. I do all

things alone and the percentage of other interference in my world decreases a little bit. I knew that it would be difficult with time because I am not always this strong and this psychological independence. But now I am facing that great shame combined with my great feeling of language. Loneliness strengthens the connection with language, with the gelatinous that non-conscious Language strengthens the connection to the deceptive place called loneliness. Sometimes I sit with friends and they tell me stories of their relationships and ask about when did I enter into a romantic relationship? So my response is always that I am not present in order to enter a relationship with someone, I have to bear the responsibility for this vanishing and that I do not approach anyone for fear of being alarmed by my deep loneliness and he did not bear the decoding and complexity of my confusion and I do not trust in my ability to continue and I will not participate in a relationship to balance myself Nor in order to breastfeed from the other my psychological reassurance, as I always automatically try to strip the feeling and attraction of the causes of emotional use or that are not related to the paradoxical aesthetic that I want to penetrate. I have lost a lot of my social

capabilities and cannot recover them because there are strong reasons for not doing that, and I lost a lot Of the people I love and love because of that loneliness, sometimes I regret and sometimes not. I have not experienced many social or emotional feelings in my life, I do not know what the feeling of belonging or what it feels like to be sanctified, for example, and I do not know how to feel that, it is too late. Another point in emotional relationships is my constant desire to commit suicide, which I cannot fully control. I do not want to let people down more and that is from morals learned from loneliness and time in it.

In the next paper, "I feel I will commit suicide soon."

In the paper that follows "Question marks fill in the paper"

In the paper that follows some poetry. "

My cave is destroyed, oh world

My orphan bats pained by the light

And death is green and green.

Everything breaks down into futility and pain

Even the absolute self behind the muffler

Even the self in the mirror that always fights with me. "

In the next paper there is a long heading of death. "

Death drenches the poet's soul with its malicious luster

He argues his inner fire

He avenges his previous defeats in front of him
throughout his poems.

O great miraculous power of the world

Torment your prey and her neighborhood

Come cover your rich darkness around my neck

I am the son of ruin

No folks for me here on earth. "

In the next paper

Avni your wine stranger than we found

I will be absent from you until we find both of us

If I get tired, straighten my heart on backbiting

If you die, don't find me again. "

None of us knew that he was writing and was
interested in this gluttony. He did not tell us or speak
about it at all, even when Magdy or Mazen used to

divorce some poetry or colloquial prose, he did not reply or complete. Why did you, my friend, leave us afraid and go into black or white? You don't deserve all this pain, you don't deserve all that loneliness!

I was the closest person to him in them and he never told me anything of this and he never showed me anything. I cried with a burning sensation and I felt the lack of description and translation when inside me I cried so hard I did not cry for my mother or father and I continued reading while I cried, the world was then empty of everything like an authentic ancient ruin No god could ever live it, I felt the pettiness of everything around me and my extreme smallness in the absurdity that connects everything to the gum of pain and the futility of complaining to even the suffocating damp air.

In the next paper I found a poem

"

Founding the world on a ruined void

Suspicious of absurdity and mindless loafing in
nothingness

I am founded on puzzle, dope and sailing.

My chastity is not to violate the debt of my heart

And my being is nourished in her survival on my
abomination.

I do not agree except to talk about myself

It is which i know its complete ruin

I write maze furniture and do not put alarms or keys

For those who come after me and buy them the
training by chance, my life.

I hear a loud howl that reminds me of my father's
voice and my conversations with the walls

On a cold night everything is in his unit.

My father slogged in him the legitimate god of
ignorance

My suicide hastens the erasure of my secret mystic. "

I found a paper with vital blood that he seems to have
written today

Goodbye, my mourned, blasphemous friends

Goodbye Shams, in whose neighborhood I found a
heart more compassionate to me than my father

Goodbye Islam without agnosticism

Goodbye, glorious scientific fiction

Farewell to Mazen, in his Arabic language, which is
closest to my heart in the world

Farewell to twilight and dawn

For my many fictional worlds

To the strange instincts of madness "

I kept reading page after page until I found severed
pages and did not think about what I would do after
that. In the daytime I concentrated on the Nile for
hours thinking and all my thinking was about suicide
and I could no longer return to the village and if I did
not return what would I do in this vast world? I will not
go back and ride to another governorate and move
away as much as possible from everyone who knows
the village, to a place where no one knows me, as
foreigners are my only right in the world.

I chose Alexandria, I had enough money, maybe for a
week. I have a great thirst for wine and I want to go to
any bar there. I was very sad and I do not know
whether this seemed to me to this degree or not? A girl
approached me and looked at me directly in my eyes
for a few seconds, and I did not speak and say nothing.

I thought that she was near me, but not so close to drunkenness, and she said directly, "You are seduced to dance and scream." So she smiled and narrowed my left eye as usual and turned my gaze away from her. My imagination and that all of this did not happen realistically, but she touched me from behind, so I looked in astonishment that she was there, and I looked in her eyes without fear and without any hesitation or anxiety, and I told her in classical Arabic, because when I get drunk, I usually speak with God, not with someone.

So she smiled, "Come let's dance." I did not know what to do. I went with her and did not know how she danced, until I was about to go out because I felt that I was in a prison and the phantoms began to abound. This night I went away to a place I do not know and slept on the sidewalk and did not know what happened afterwards, I dreamed of horrors on my behalf, about Mazen, about Islam, about Magdy, and about Ahmed. I'm drunk now, I don't know why a secret? And what do I see from worlds? But it is an ocean coming, and I smoke my cigarette on my bed, drink it and stay in a vacuum with coincidences. It seems that I have lost my memory because I forgot where I put my cigarette

pack, in this mess that resembles a human intestine. I woke up in a lonely room, tied up, not knowing where I am or what I am doing here or what the identity of this place is, I used to go in and out of my hiding places constantly, all my repression appeared in those nightmares and I was tired like I had never been before, sometimes I felt snakes walking In my body, the electricity sessions were maybe. I woke up after a while, but in the end I learned that he was self-correcting. I do not know what I did to get in here nor how long I stayed there except after a long time, it was like a long day only, but it was three years until I began to recover, my body was weak and lacked a large number From the kilos, my hands and feet were all booby-trapped by needles.

The world was cloudy and it was like a silent cinema and its silence was sometimes horrible and sometimes pleasant. Ahmed was reading in my dream his poems and this was the only voice I heard, as if he was in an altar saying:

“I have an absolute relativism in my head

Anything can be everything

Zero rises to absolute, and absolute declines to zero.

My world began with this brutality that eats me first

The willpower weakens a little bit

I am hungry for white.

I confess my greed to destroy public

Hovering high to see its desolation as one eagle in the world.

Any ecstasy has an attraction beyond my visions

He changed the ultimate experimentation of a holly in poetry

And the pleasure of things is like the pleasure of crime.

I fell in love with a woman and he found her a suicide pleasure.

I hated the world, and my hatred was devastating to me.

They flew like soot on the edge of the dense, dark border that flows into infinity

Let ugly rodents come out of me and loan them out.

In the end, my inner space became old. "

I woke up and the doctor started telling me: Who are you? what's your name?

I looked at him very amazed, and I could not remember things quickly or completely.

I told him: My name is Shams, and I am not from here

He said: Tell us the address of your family, so let us ask them to come to take you

I said: I have no family, I have no one in this world

He said: It seems that you are still tired, do not you remember why you came here?

I said to him: No, I can only remember much blood flowing from me and the electric shocks

He said, "It does not matter now, little by little. You will recover and see the matter. Don't worry."

My eyes went away again on the wall painted with drawings by former patients, as if they were primitive drawings from the first caves. I started to wake up more each time for a longer period until I gradually recovered and the doctor told me that he had a room in his house that I could take and he would find work for me. I asked him about the paper that was. With me

He said: It is still preserved. I took it home with me and excuse me that I read it because I wanted to know your condition, but I also did not know.

I went out of the hospital, it was a terrible suffocation and a dislocation of backbiting, but I started talking after these years of silence, I did not rejoice at that much, and I preferred silence despite my ability that returned to it. I went with the doctor to his house. It was an old room, but suitable for my heart and soul, I wanted nothing but that, but I never felt normal, there were many fantasies and my hands were trembling and my body was not aware or focused on anything. Then she fled to the streets after stealing Ahmed's diary, which she sent to a publishing house, titled "Memoirs of a Suicide" and the writer "Anonymous". I walk crazy with the many madmen who are sometimes naked and sometimes not, I only eat rarely and I run constantly from the ambulances that are taken to the sanatorium, the sea was the refuge and I thought a lot about escaping into it and committing suicide, this was my main daily idea, the first thing I woke up And before I fell asleep, I did not pay attention to the world, nor to time, nor to anything, I was free from everything but that melancholy inside me.

Madness

No one knows if they are crazy or are they more human than all the people in the village and more sensitive!

The street is empty of everyone at 3 in the morning and the pale blue dominates the visible. He was sleeping in the middle of the street, contemplating the sky and the recklessly planted stars enveloping the wide distance, blowing out his cigarette that he had borrowed from a passer-by he did not know. He said to himself, to the sky or to the universe, "Why am I crazy? My ears and he puts his hand on them and a hand that hangs me - he puts his hand on his neck - I did not fly and return to fall? Why did I roam with her in the magic of the kingdom? _ Shaking his head as if he was roaming.

The new Sheikh of the mosque a man in his late twenties who appears steadfast. He rubbed his eyes, held a rosary and repeated the dhikr. He came from afar and saw him while he was sleeping and said to him, "Oh crazy, what do you do at night?"

He said to him, "I visit the world that is in my head."

He said, "How? Get in, sleep."

He tells him, "Night is at the end of the heavy."

In the morning I went out, not knowing where to go. A carriage stood for me without waving to it. I got in, looking very indifferent, and the driver noticed that and said: Where to? I looked at the window and said to him: Your last stop, the stranger has a revelation, whatever it is, the stranger from the view, the form, the language, the movements, the dominant interaction, the unified in itself, and the poetic sentences.

I am returning after ten years to my village, and in these ten years I have never gone to the village and everyone thinks I am dead. I do not know how the strength came to me not to return for ten years I spent in clinics and cells even though I was allowed to leave them a lot. I had insanity symptoms and still are trying

to control I took a lot of electrical sessions and various medications. I walked in most of the streets in major cities, lost and lost.

I went back to see my friends in the Hashashin community. After the car stopped and I walked through the village until I found a luxurious car parked at the village bridge, he saw me, it seems that I know it, it is Islam, my God.

So I told him: I don't know, where are Mazen and Magdy? How are you and their condition?

So I became silent and wandered, so I saw pain in his face, and he said to me: You mean thirst, sanctify

So I said: What restlessness and sanctification?!

He said: Magdy is now called Tafsha, and Mazen is called Quds. They went crazy after Ahmad's suicide

I told him: What nonsense is this?

So I became silent and wandered, so I saw pain in his face, and he said to me: You mean thirst, sanctify

So I said: What restlessness and sanctification ?!

He said: Magdy is now called Tafsha, and Mazen is called Quds. They went crazy after Ahmad's suicide

I told him: What nonsense is this?

He said: This is what happened, shams, I am only telling you the bitter truth, I am protecting them now from people and giving them food and drink.

Magdy or Tashfa now, a strange person. It has a great impact on many people, a beautiful, sweet, pure and cynical effect. Its presence is essential in the village, and no village is devoid of a madman who knows most of the village's residents, especially children, is a kind of poetic glow even though it is crazy. And you knew it as well even before your departure. Not all the madmen were harmful and frightening to people and also in the well-known and circulating manner.

Peaceful, but not towards everyone, it was coming out of things like harassment of women, frequent hallucinations, linguistic systems that are spoken all the time, such as meeting all people on the street and telling them, "You are your mind tired People used to use it for laughter, and on this day when they hallucinated a lot, "You are your mind is tired." One of them told him to walk in the village and say that someone whose mind is tired and he said to him, "Muhammad is his mind is tired." So he said to him, "Our Lord heal him." Everyone laughed. He used to

laugh, not once after Ahmed's suicide, he laughed. Some women would take him and bathe him and make him sleep with her, and he was one of the people who, despite the lack of standardization, the things he did politely. All people understand their natures and treat them according to the amount and form of their respect. He knows many stories about the village, carries all of its history, and handles its history to strangers and passers-by always. He asked me for a cigarette and did not know who I am? He asked with great respect: his fingers are full of old rings, and his clothes, a suit jacket, and trousers are always clean.

He was very troubled now, but the presence of his mother and knowing that she was present and living in the house was reassuring and protecting him from the people and the existence of Islam as well. Behind the wall, his eyes turned to wild eyes from fear, until the doctor passed by and said to him: Do not be afraid, I will not take you to the spa. He returned to his calmness shortly after and returned to his pleasant mood with joking with everyone who crosses and sometimes in complete silence and straying in something. This time they will take him to the sanatorium if he does something. He always imagines

himself in his white uniform in a sanatorium as he went once in his life and escaped from it and from that time and he is very afraid to go after Electricity sessions. He gets very nervous from the sound of the ambulance or any loud sound, and therefore he never leaves the village or its surroundings

I started talking to him. I took out a cigarette while he was taking it. I said to him: You don't know me?

: I do not remember

: I am crazy about the bigger world .. the Junkie community

He paid great attention and said: Where are his days and nights? who are you then? shams

He looked at me hard and his eyes teared up and said: You are a sun, you are a sun.

He hugged me and shouted: Sun is coming, Sun is coming! And I said to him in his ears: When did you complicate the hashish community?

He left my lap and turned away and said: Get away from him. We are no longer holding him. I called him, but he did not answer me and started screaming with

great excitement, "Go back from where I came or do not ask for him again."

In her pocket.

The second friend or the second madman that I should look for is Mazen or Quds, a person who speaks classical in the village, but it has become his permanent official language, but he is not afraid of moving between places. I have to go back to the city to look for him. He became always talking and moving his hands and there are many stories about him. And because he spoke so pure, we sometimes stood in front of each other with a play we talked poetry. All his people left him out of their shame at him and left the village. He did not even disclose anything from his previous life.. Morocco has resulted in its simple injustices and I found a person in front of me who looks at me with astonishment at his burial body as a sanctuary or sanctuary, approached me and said to me: Come away from the people here, I cannot bear them. To him: Holy tell us a poem, but he did not look at him, his features were very static. I met another fly of this damned bastard and he did not notice at first until he recognized me and told him "fly"

He said: I have now been promoted from a fly to the "fox" and I work in a large number, in the government. You did not walk with this madman, because it is of no value?

I was amazed at what he said and I was amazed that he did not do anything sanctified and did not even respond. I left him and we walked until we arrived and breathed a sigh of relief to the many questions that I must answer as I returned without money without a mind without anything, because I betrayed them and left. I don't know what happened to them? And who stayed alive and who died? I left my sight to the extent and became distracted in the years that passed and I had not gone by, and yet I craved absence and absence again.

I remembered my house, which was in the middle of the village in front of a large neighborhood called Al-Sitat neighborhood, because my grandmother and her friends used to sit in it and share everything they cook together, eat together, raise poultry, etc. from the village business, consisting of three floors, the lower floor of my grandmother and grandfather and behind the house is a large roundabout in which my grandfather kept buffaloes And the cow. My father is

the only son of my grandfather with two daughters. My grandfather was from a very fundamentalist, conservative, stubborn and arrogant family and my grandmother was from a family of great influence and they had a social reputation. I was closer to them than my father who was very strict with me in childhood and this is one of the reasons that made me leave from The village with Ahmed's suicide, that there are sins in the social custom that will not be forgiven, including madness, his names, and sexuality if a woman practices it.

I fell asleep for moments in my previous life when imaginations completely dominated me. This is the day when I woke up amid books, paper, rotten food, and plastic bottles, and looked in the mirror, and heard an old man say, "You are crazy." I changed my life from life in the midst of dolls and mirrors to life in the streets. This backbiting always came to me. I also went crazy like them and I used to live in the streets and they always took me to the sanatorium or prison. I had an imagination that my mother had caught a glimpse of me and I didn't know whether she had spotted me or insulted me because she used to do that repeatedly

and say It can distinguish my existence and my presence from the whole world.

A wedding erupted in me, seeing her, despite her wrinkled face and difficult walk. At that time, I had many mixed feelings, including the disappointment that I did not present to her and the joy of meeting her again. I did not see her as cute since I thought about suicide in the car. The warmth in my heart soared in her eagerness for me, and I remembered what I was doing, advising all around me, "Your father is not important in anything. He is absolutely masculine with terrible authority, but your mother never betrays her heart."

She said with a heavy sigh and crying: Where have you been, sweetheart? I cried to you like Jacob when Joseph cried. Where were you? No matter how much, come, rest in my arms, and enter the house. Everyone will be happy about your arrival. I miss you so much, my son.

My mother had a Sufi soul, even though she was a very simple woman, but she appreciated strangers in the world. She was trying to understand them at least. She was compassionate to all those who asked for her help

and those who did not ask and showed his need. As for my father, he was a male man who exercised his authority over everyone who was able to exercise it over him. Absolutely no moral deterrent even though I never classified it, but I was trying to understand everything around me, even the executioners, and this was a big part of my pain. My mind was ready for the world and facing it, but my heart did not. All the paintings faded. I walked with her and knew that maybe my prison walk was coming.

I tried in various ways to be sensually and consciously disciplined and not to do anything that provokes their anger, especially my father, whom I have not seen until now as cute at all since his death, but my mother's absence and presence overwhelmed the next prison. I entered a little afraid of the prestige of the meeting after believing in absolute farewell with them. He frowned and did not cuddle me until I was surprised because I used to kill him every time in my dreams, smash his head completely, and run away and the dream ended.

I was always like this, reviving the imaginations and moving with them and talking to them

I looked at him with astonishment: I am here, here,
only in my head

He said, "You too have been cursed by imagination, I
am also excited ... We are in front of Ahmed's grave.
When you left and you spoke on the phone and you did
not answer, they refused to hold a funeral because he
would be immortalized in the fire.

So I said, "I moved my tongue that day and no sound
came out. I stayed like this for more than five years in
asylums and prisons. I used to shout at the walls
around me. I could not suppress these strong
vibrations in my stomach. I do not know who lives in
me and who can I from me?"

He told me at the beginning of the matter that I know
you will become crazy with him or crazy with him, but
until now I do not know him. And my existence and my
existence is not a mystic. I still do not trust to meet him
or not to ask about his existence and to believe it. I am
a strong disbeliever in ideas and feelings. I strongly
disbelieve ready identities and their spaces. I do not
rest except in my drowning in the mazes at the end of
my meditation, but I did not pass by any literary means
and perhaps that did not intensify the exoticism of me.

I do not know when this will pass, I feel despite my insanity that I am still imprisoned in this world in which there is nothing to amaze me or anything Seduce me or anything that carries an absolute aesthetic that does not diminish or diminish.

Qudus said: The average person hates the deceitful people who cannot be formed into molds because they threaten the constant normality of vision. He hates the psychological hours that accept darkness and try to understand it even if it is even absolute and criminal. He hates them because they follow it and follow its repression and silence, and may be angry and confused by the ability to do so. The destructive people because they subconsciously feel that this possibility will become so, this possibility is unclear.

So I said: I have a sense of alienation, sanctifying and emigration from everyone. My loneliness is not because there is no one around me, but because there is no one who resembles me, but what is not similar to that is the unity in its early stages and the reverence of meanings on people, the sanctification of fictional work over realistic work until diving into the mold of the empty essence Consolation and salvation. Perhaps because I was not in the best of using that prophetic

imagination and perhaps because I fearlessly went through all the paths in them, even the dark ones.

He said: There is no pleasure comparable to the pleasure of being completely absent from the world and dealing with it as a game, as if everything in it is a game, and no constant is relied upon whatever it is.

We fell silent a little and then burst into revelation

After Ahmed committed suicide, his father came and tied me to the bed, and I was not able to get rid of these chains. He handcuffed me and I did not even resist that. His way is with us, you know that my family is small and an outsider in the village. He tied me up, and I feel the restrictions that are wasting in me and stamping out my presence with this terrible pain.

I held tears in my gaze that emptied them when he went out and felt an utter nightmare not from what he did, but from what he hoped he would do something else.

I did not sleep this night and Umm Ahmad came at dawn to check on me. I entered, but I did not try to deceive her in my sleep, but rather opened my eyes, when she saw my handcuffs, I jogged my jaw without saying anything. I sat in front of me grieved by what

this violent man was doing and said to her: I must leave, or I come to him

She said: To where?

I said: I do not know until now, all the places I have gone to have been a stranger and deserted, so it will not matter much

I hugged her firmly and left her bosom before she left me, and all the signs of coercion were in my heart from the world. I came out of the window and wanted a high ecstasy, and this high ecstasy was not achieved in me before except in the community of the hashish. "

I didn't know what to say, but he added

"The madmen are usually awake at dawn, usually they wake up to see the color deviation. This reassures them a little, but is reassuring without extremism and subservience."

A rash came, grabbed his robes and raised his tip in his mouth and eyes, as if filled with red tears and holy ones on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, his body feverish despite his almost complete nakedness, and he looked at me intimately and sometimes with amazement. I walked for a rash and

we walked to sanctity. He rose up when we approached him and said: I know a place he does not go to No one, I know a ruin.

We walked behind him and I threw completely silent, thinking, maybe why should time breastfeed them?

We reached an abandoned place called "Jabr" with many ruined places, but he chose a place from them and we entered. The place belonged to an owner of all the surrounding lands, an old aristocrat, he left everything and no one knows where he went, as he left all his property without even selling it, people plundered everything and remained The emptiness but a piano did not come in the head of the peasants with what they use and they built myths about the place so that no one goes to it anymore, and the myths are all that remains for the rest after the death of the event.

We entered this bare hall, the hall of nothingness without fear, full of spiders, its webs, and many mice. He sat up on the piano, put his hands and hit his finger and said: You want to know why we have stopped us from the community of the hashish? You remember, who said about us that we are infidels, we did not forget that if you did not forget it, we gave him an elixir

and the mark of Majdi, which he had been preparing for more than ten years. He was silent and in one of the trance sessions he danced and shook his head at the end. When gnawing in the interior, the language of the first mourning, and after it is a metaphor.

The first deity's craft was done in it, death.

Quds did not move from his place and did not seem to be surprised. He took out the heroin and put it on the shoulder of the piano and said, "Come on," he threw a thirst from the ground and sniffed everything he had thrown and then cast and looked at me, smelled it all, put it to himself and smelled it violently.

And we threw ourselves on the ground, Muslim ourselves to her, and Quds suddenly said: Why did you go? Why did you leave us?

And he got up in front of me, and I looked at him and he said: Worship me!

He paused for a moment and said: I want you to submit, after you departed, we all felt unheated and that you had betrayed us, you betrayed the next journey of torment. We have been cast aside by Ahmad

And I left, this is the first time I say that, the first time I ever talk, we thought you had no feelings and you knew that we were full of emotions. ? I caught you and imprisoned you?

I told him: You did not want to imprison me?

: In order for you to feel an unpleasant feeling as we feel, to drown in pain as we drowned every day, if it was a prisoner of walls, I wish that the returning is possible not as mysterious as the world

Do you think that I do not feel that I am enjoying my life? The parting of you affected me so much, but I did not know that I would affect you in this way

: Didn't you think so? Do you think we feel like these people?

: Because I am of no importance to everyone, show me his grave

: It's on the top floor

I got up slowly, I was very dazed. I climbed the crumbling staircase with great difficulty, the tomb was surrounded by a cactus, it was not a grave that was very dusty and surrounded by some cacti and wrapped

around it and the old high window was oblique and
said in a loud voice:

Wake up, silent, I am your guilty and innocent killer

Aloe Vera around you keeps you up and protects you

Now your everything is leveled

Now you are forever silent.

Tashbas rose and sanctified to the grave, and they sat
on the ground with their faces facing the grave, their
tears fresh in their eyes, and all of us drowned in
imaginations.

Tashfa began with the conversation: I will revive him,
did we not accept death? I will invent a chemistry from
my previous chemist and revive him, I will add some
materials to some materials.

Quds said: You loved the Arabic language and did not
tell me, Ahmed, you were a poet

I said: Yes, I found his notes by the tree, where are they
now?

Tafsha said: They cut it before our eyes. His dirty, filthy,
foolish father cut it down because we used to go there
and it was called the infidels tree

I said: Is this pig still alive?

Quds said: But I will kill him

So I told him: Be calm, this is not how things are run

Quds laughed and said: We will not prove anything to him, his crime is not proven ugly, from its ramifications and the large number of those convicted in it

I said: Our problem is that we are without intimacy, isolated at the heads, we do not intend or grammatically, and this is what we miss, to be a source and to be afflicted. We have various relationships with various meanings, but we do not have a relationship with anyone

Tafsha said: This world is hated and nothing is loved in it, this world is demolished and not built, and the first thing that you hate and destroy is your identity to it, you allowed beautiful perfumes to infiltrate your soul and moved away from old despair.

So I said: And what will we do with despair? Is not it what led Ahmed to suicide and led us to madness? Do we not punish our mind that blasphemed and left because of Ahmed

Quds said nervously: And what do we do, God of human development? This is our live and this is what we chose, why did you come?

: I did not come with me, Mazen, I lost a large part of me, it was divided and scattered, you do not know what I feel and I do not know what it feels like, but it is definitely a pure pain. I feel that we are weakening with time more constantly. Our psyche is too complex to tell something!

I could not hold back my tears in these moments, so tense, I do not know as if I had raped everything from me by force from the ignorance of these people, although I feel free in madness, for the madmen are always heavenly messengers. Our silence until it came from silence and darkness in the universe that threw it into us. The side of the grave is piled hallowed on the other side.

It was common in the village that I had returned and that one of the old infidels returned and did not the rest, so they held a secret customary sit-down because my family wanted to take what I have under the pretext of insanity and disbelief. I know if I excused him because he abandoned his ideas or not. They were very

violent with him, holy and rash, even though he used to protect them from people and take care of their money while waiting for them to return to their senses, and yet they did not insult him except him. He keeps silent on that and that was a danger to him as he was still an actor in society.

I went out of the deserted house and returned to the village. I went to my house, he was not saying ruin from that house. I found Islam standing by it waiting for me and he told me: Do not worry, I will have someone clean and arrange it, come to me until it is arranged, I used to rent you these stores at the bottom of the house. Come take your right and sit with me

So I said thankfully to him: "Give me Islam, I don't know how to thank you."

He said, "for what is Shams?"

I walked with him to his house, it was a very luxurious house but I didn't comment on that and he knew that I or we didn't care about it.

He said: This role is at the bottom for a rash and sanctification. If they love they come, they come, my children love them very much and they too while they hate me, despite everything I love them and appreciate

them very much and I feel their closeness and reassurance of their presence in the world. What is important is that I want you in something else.

We went up frightened and defeated, I wandering in my head and wandering around and he is, neither blossoming in our eyes nor shining. I watched his gazes as he spoke, he was very tense, frightened, bewildered, not.

On the ladder we met a son whose age seemed to be close to five years old, and he said to me: This is Ahmed, come greet your uncle Shams, I named him after his name

A tear ran in his eye and he tried to hide it, so I greeted the boy and kissed him, and I wanted to carry him, but he refused and entered their apartment.

And I said to him: Do you have other children?

He said: Yes, I have Magdy and Hypatia. I was named after Majdi, and if she had another, I would name Mazen, and Hypatia knew that we all loved her. My wife was amazed at the name, but I insisted on it.

We sat and he came to eat but I didn't want to eat and I asked him if he had alcohol and he had a bottle of

whiskey to hide, we started drinking and he started talking

He said in fear: Now your family or what they call your family want to take everything that you have under the pretext of your disbelief and your madness, and they want to prove that to you in any way, the unbeliever does not inherit and the insane person as well, and they try to do that in a legitimate way and dig behind you Where have you been? They did a secret customary session and I knew

I laughed very much and said to him: They are still planning for this; they never give up on humiliation

He said: I used to protect your home under the pretext of a power of attorney that you made to me and I was stalling in showing this non-existent power of attorney, they are serious about Shams and want to rob you of everything, keep your words and stay away from religion and irrational actions

I said to him: The solution?

He said: To return to your normal life and be active in society, even if in a formal way, and go to the mosque every period

I told him: You know that I will not go, but I will preserve my words and my actions

And he told me: Good, the most important thing is that the family of this informative boy, his educated brother, is suspicious of his suicide because he was only drunk and they want to check the body and you know what they will find and I am very worried about them.

I told him: What should I do? They are also violent with me

He said, "They have to go as quickly as possible, and I'll save them money."

I said: Do you think they will agree?

He said: They must agree, the matter is serious and they must do it, it is about their lives, tell them because they can never talk to me.

I told him: I will talk to them and I hope they listen and agree, I am not prepared for other losses

He got up and got me a big sum and said this is your right

I said to him: What is all this?

He said: It is your right. Today I have it until they prepare your house. I will return to my wife and children now and if I need anything, I am here.

I extended my body on the sofa and slept very quickly, it was a very difficult day and I did not expect it at all like this, everything really changed and changed in a strange way that no one expected, and what happened to me is what happened with Magdy and Mazen, but the difference is that they did not. They leave the village, but it's the same poetic feelings that cursed them with turmoil and madness. We were not poets writing, we were poets without writing, and this is perhaps what an unknown fate cursed us with. Our affection was strange. The lover is related to his lover to their unknowns, and freedom is linked to the other because it is embodied in it. The self is liberated in the other because it transcends it and is in it, and is free in it through love, just like Sufi love, but the difference is that Sufi love is openness to the absolute, while human love is openness to a creature, and destiny is enigmatic, and it is interwoven with relationship and affection. We do not know what will happen in the most logical way, so it is allowed. With poetry, that is, a vision.

I woke up very early, I took the money and went to them, I did not know where they are? But I thought that they were still in the deserted palace that, I walked to him, the fox was wandering in the village, it is her large now, he nodded to me and started chatting: Where are you going and what is this bag that you have?

I told him: You have nothing to do with that

He said: You are going to them, they hide every night and no one knows where they are going.

I could not stand the word until I grabbed his neck and turned it against the wall and said to him: Do not offend them, I will discard this rumen, you bastard

He said to me: Calm down, Shams. They do not deserve all of that and they agree to people insulting them. Why do you intervene?

I left him and went and bemoaned the old days, who had the strength and determination to respond to two bad people like that big fly, and he said as I walked: Very soon they will be taken, very soon, Shams.

I reached the deserted palace, and found them awake next to the grave, each of them lighting their cigarettes

and breathing with rage and the force of smoke. I sat on the ground next to them at Ahmad's head and said to them: I was at Islam last night

Tafsha said: This is the fake hypocrite who betrayed inside

So I told him: Our talk now is not about treason, he wanted me in an important matter

Qudas said: The important thing was cast on us, and is there anything important in this life at all?

I said: They are digging behind Ibrahim al-Washi's suicide, and they will analyze the body soon. You must leave here, and this is enough money for you.

Tafsha said: We will not leave and we will not take anything, we can manage

Quds said: Do you think we are afraid of what they will find? Hahaha we are ready to face what we did without help from you or this hypocrite, you only manage your affairs, but did not hide your insanity? It is something radioactive in your eye, you are not normal

I told him: I know that I am not normal, but I am trying to be, but this is not our topic, I know that you are not

afraid, but you can be put in prison for that. Take money and go and I will go with you

Tafsha said: We will not go anywhere, because we do not belong to any place, here we live and here is our death

I said to them: Do you think that you are making Ahmed happy? And glorious nothingness is so empty nonsense

Tafsha said: Ahmed is in nothingness now and we are also in nothingness. Do you not see this magic in vanishing everything?

I was sad when I heard it and when I knew it was true, but I did not know what to do with them or how to convince them to deviate from what they were doing and what awaited them. I was every time unable to help myself and help them, but this time I was very afraid. I heard the glorious sound of birds and went to my house.

This educated boy who studies psychology, Ibrahim's younger brother doubted his suicide, and convinced his father of the feasibility of analyzing the corpse and knowing what he had taken and whether it was a natural suicide or not, because he never appeared to

be depressed and did not complain about anything. A committee came to explain the corpse and found materials other than materials Drugs are in his body, so it happened in the village that someone poisoned him.

I don't know if I was with them, would I have participated in killing Ibrahim al-Washi or not? I did not know what my psychological nature was, nor what decisions I might take in certain situations? But now what happened, they should flee because the doubt revolves around my glory being it was He was known in the village with chemicals, and they will go to his house soon to search it after taking the police permission, so they must leave. The order to go to his house was secret, but Islam knew and told me.

My family started to check on me, where have you been? What was I doing? And why did I return? I was not surprised by what they do, for it is all they want money, and I did not even pay any attention to that. What is important to me now is my glory, Mazen, or holy and holy.

Magdy and Mazen were worried not because they would be arrested if the items were found in Majdi's house, but they were worried that they had not killed

the sheikh yet. The police went to Magdy's house, I was walking in the street looking for them when the police found them, but they were in Jabr. The matter will be done so quickly. Take everything in the house after searching it all, and the house was a vast ruin, the chemical number and now they are waiting for the analysis of these materials and if they match the killing materials, there will be other words. They are now wanted and whoever sees them must inform them. I went to Gabr and I found them sitting, smoking hashish, opposite some of them, silent.

I said: The police came to search your house, O Tafashah, and took everything

Tafsha said: And if you did and find a match? ,What will happen

Quds said: They will imprison us. Haha we will not be imprisoned because we are crazy and everyone testifies to that

I said to them: Run now, do not you know what a psychiatric hospital is?

Tafashah said: It will not be more ugly than the hell of your heart, or his heart, or your heart

Quds said: Go back from where you came and never come again, we will not run away from anything we have done

Meanwhile, the sheikh had scattered everyone in the village to search for them, as he had great hatred and hatred for them, and seemed to blackmail Islam that he was involved with them in murder, and if it was proven that he would be tried, so he had to say where they are and where are they hiding. Abandoned.

The news came from the lab that the materials were identical and that they were the killers. So the police moved around the place faster and started issuing warnings for them to go out, I was only afraid of them, but they kicked me out when the police came closer, so I went out raising my hands and told them that they were not armed and I allowed them not to use violence by all means and they would get out. In the infidels, because if they went to the sanatorium, they would not suffer much and would keep breathing. We heard screaming in the palace, and my house informants about the entry, they had to enter and indeed they entered and we found them hanging over the grave hanging naked and their body full of scars as if they were constantly wounding themselves.

My friends, you should have nothing but disbelief and silence.

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Information about the author:

Elsaied abdelghani is an Egyptian poet and novelist

Email: el.elsaied@gmail.com

Phone: +200155 497 8349

Faebook:

<https://www.facebook.com/elsaied.abdelghani.9083>

Youtube :

<https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCSi7fO-4-gEPlsrZP50acqQ>